

BALLET

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ONE SHILLING



NOVEMBER 1955

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WHOLESALE AND EXPORT

Ballet Today

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MARGOT FONTEYN
in *Giselle*
opposite
JOHN GILPIN

*both exclusive Ballet Today
photographs by Mike Davis*

Photos Nos.: 13 and 14.

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15, Upper Brighton Road, Surbiton, Surrey,
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Editor—Estelle Herf*



THE main divisions of the Theatre—Opera, Drama, Ballet—have usually been represented at this Festival by companies and productions of quality; we do not always get the world's very best, but often something very close to it. But this year's offerings under the name of "Ballet" consisted of two very high-quality groups—one of them slightly known in England, the other an entire novelty. The Royal Danish Ballet played a two-weeks season with programmes consisting of works already shown in their London visit two years ago but adding two new ballets—Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet* and Niels Bjorn Larsen's *Capricious Lucinda*. The Azuma Kabuki Troupe from Tokyo, currently playing in London, are in no sense a ballet-company; their methods, not very dissimilar from those of the other kinds of Japanese Theatre, are a display of all the arts and crafts belonging to the Theatre—mime, gesture, dance, song, instrumental music, acting, costume, scenery, properties. No performance consists *only* of acting or dancing or singing.

Never before have so many complaints been heard from both performers and critics, about the unsuitability of the Empire Theatre whose stage is not big enough nor is its lighting complex enough for the needs of Ballet, and also the house lacks any sympathetic atmosphere; each year the ballet companies have met, and usually overcome, this problem. But it was obviously the strangeness and the roughness of the stage that threw the Danes, as it were, off balance before even the curtain went up on their first night. *La Sylphide*, a perfect period-piece from the 1840's in which the romantic view of Scotland is expressed in a European's ideas of costume, decor and choreography (giving a distorted but nonetheless charming picture), was the opening item. The Scots' audience lapped it up—bogus tartans and all—and Margrethe Schanne and Gerda Karstens won instantly the same sort of warm-hearted applause that they earned on their London visit two years ago. *Capricious Lucinda* is a reconstructed version of a ballet originally made by Galeotti in Copenhagen over 150 years ago; its plot is too complex for today, and the incidents, amusing enough though many of them are, do not contain sufficient dance interest. It runs to too many scenes, whose decor is not very original, and the main impression was of a tiresome pair of characters whose (supposedly amusing) squabbles just didn't add up to a really comic or satiric ballet.

The big event of the visit was, of course, the production of Ashton's ballet. Many people were hoping for, and indeed on the

basis of the reports from its Copenhagen première last May, clearly expecting a minor masterpiece—I was one of these, and entered the theatre full of excitement and high hopes. The ballet seems old-fashioned in almost every particular, coping with a plot and a group of characters which cannot be explained and amplified through the medium of ballet: as happens in other instances of a familiar literary work used for theatre purposes, it is understood in its entirety only by those already steeped in the original. The cumbersome story, which in the original is acceptable because of the splendid words used, seemed dragged out and over-emphasised in this version. But the major shortcoming was the limited amount of actual choreography; Ashton used some of his familiar repertoire of tricks—including many of the beautiful novelties that he has invented in various ballets since 1945—but there were too few of these. The high-spots of the plot were sometimes told in dance, or mime, or unimaginative *enchainements* in the course of which the characters danced, or mimed, or used a style of mingled gesture-and-movement which did not seem to me nearly sufficiently stylised. (Perhaps one should at this point make clear that in true "Ballet" there are few, if any, opportunities for the use of absolutely unadorned natural movement; the whole *raison d'être* of Ballet is its exploitation of a system of movement and gesture which ought to be

EDINBURGH

thoroughly stylised (*i.e.*, unnatural, pointed, emphatic—whether through forceful means or delicate ones). To use the natural movements and gestures of everyday is to deprive the dancer of his real instrument and force him to compromise with a method which he cannot make truly significant). This use of quite un-balletic movements, in many dances of all kinds, and for every degree of performer in the spectacle, seemed to me to rob *Romeo and Juliet* of most of its point. . . . Why try to tell this magnificent story in a method avoiding the use of words, if the method is not used fully and legitimately all the time?

It seems likely that Mr. Ashton, although approaching his task with sincerity and humility, had not carefully enough weighed the implications of using Prokofiev's score, which was written in association with Lavrovsky, the original Russian choreographer of the first version. That score and its scenario allowed for a choreographic style to which the Russians are used, and we outside Russia are not: there, its story had to carry—however cleverly they were built into the structure of the ballet—political overtones. These give a special quality to Lavrovsky's choreography (plainly visible in the few excerpts

seen in two films which include morsels of the Soviet version). In this Ashton-Danish version I felt that the score was nowhere strong enough for the best possibilities of Ashton's style. Mona Vangsaa and Henning Kronstam made a splendid pair of lovers, she being exceptionally brilliant both in dance and mime.

The Azuma Kabuki troupe could be enjoyed only if one were ready to accept what they showed without trying to compare it, in any way, with the styles used in our kinds of Theatres. In the great civilisations of the world—apart from Europe—the Theatre has maintained a unity of means that is quite rare amongst our Western theatre artists. Players are able to dance, sing, mime, and are used to working a long time over their roles to perfect one small piece of business; the audience doesn't go to be told a story—mostly it already knows the story well and its interest lies in studying the player and how he gets his effects, and how good he can make them. These performers give programmes of short dance-dramas, interludes, lyrical tales of witches, gods, animals that change into humans; the musicians sit on the stage, and if an actor needs to change a part of his costume, he is helped by an attendant, black-robed, black-



FESTIVAL

LONDON BALLET IN REVIEW — — short notices

masked, who moves on to the stage and, remarkably, is almost unnoticeable as he does his job.

No part of these programmes can be measured by the means we use for assessing our own Theatre—except for the mime and gesture which (the human body being the same the world over) make effects we can understand and, if they are moving enough, enjoy. The dramas, or comedies, or interludes, are told in a freely-mixed style wherein mime gives way to simple dance-movements, or a few lines of dialogue are exchanged (sometimes over the accompanying instrumentalists!) or a highly stylised dance goes on, stops suddenly as the players switch into another mood In a way it is all disconcerting, but it is pure Theatre; if we can learn just to look and listen, allowing our eyes and ears to be gently assaulted by strange beauties, then the Japanese style called Kabuki gives us a good enough reward.

This year's crop of dance-films, or films about dancing, or films decorated with dancing, was smaller than usual in the Edinburgh Film Festival. The main items were a Russian version of the story of *Romeo and Juliet* told partly in acting, partly in dancing using the cast of the

famous ballet—including Ulanova and Zhdanov as the lovers—and a Hollywood film starring Leslie Caron as Cinderella. The *Romeo and Juliet* did not gain by being told in mixed styles (with passages out of the ballet growing out of, or fading into, straight dramatic acting) and the Caron piece just got by because of its Petit choreography in a fantasy ballet imitating all the other fantasy ballets in films we've seen recently.

A small group of good dancers called The West Country Ballet headed by Frances Crossley, appeared in Edinburgh on the Fringe; aiming to offer ballets of popular appeal and using British traditional music, folklore, literature. A workable bill consisted of ballets by Michael Holmes, Elizabeth West and Wendy Hilton; the first, the story of Herne the Hunter, the second a "jolly jack-tars" gambol, the third a Scots legend about seal-women. They were competent in varying degrees but none bore the mark of much choreographic ingenuity; yet the dancers worked hard and well and could have given strength to better material. Certainly the group ought to be worth close watching when it gets through its teething stages, and—one hopes—shows itself in London.

SYLVIA

THE moonlit grove of Eros where Sylvans and Naiads disport to the strains of Delibes' clear, cool music was a refreshing sight when the Sadler's Wells Ballet returned to Covent Garden on August 23rd during one of the hottest nights of the year.

After a rather ragged start—understandable following the long summer leave—the company soon got into the feel of things and gave an excellent performance. The part of Sylvia has everything for Fonteyn, displaying all the facets of her phenomenal art, and in each act she seemed to find fresh depths of expression. This was particularly noticeable in the first where, as the young huntress, triumphant and masterful, she conveyed a feeling of *joie de vivre* that was truly exhilarating. The exotic second and the golden third act were beautifully contrasted, and in all she revealed the delicate nuances of the choreographer's work. The famous pizzicato was all lightness and speed, and in the Sylvia-Aminta pas de deux—which must rank as one of Ashton's masterpieces—she was more radiant than ever. Both principals danced with a tender and consummate ease that entirely concealed its great technical demands; while in the solos for Aminta, Somes displayed his

command of elevation and strongly held poses.

Grant in the dual-sided role of Eros was a happy blend of classical dignity and tricky humour; Farron gave her usual strong interpretation of the enraged goddess, Diana; and Shaw and Clegg were excellent in the amusing quasi-oriental dance in Orion's Grotto. That gifted young dancer, Blair, was a noble Apollo. He must beware of an over-wide smile that is becoming a mannerism.

It is now exactly three years since *Sylvia* was first produced, and time has not dimmed its classical splendours or its romantic warmth and expression. The ovation received was well deserved, for it remains one of the felicities of the Covent Garden repertoire.

Pigeon Crowle

In view of the interest aroused by Montague Calman's treatment of the ballet Sylvia in our August issue, I asked Miss Pigeon Crowle to review this latest interpretation by Margot Fonteyn (see correspondence on page 20

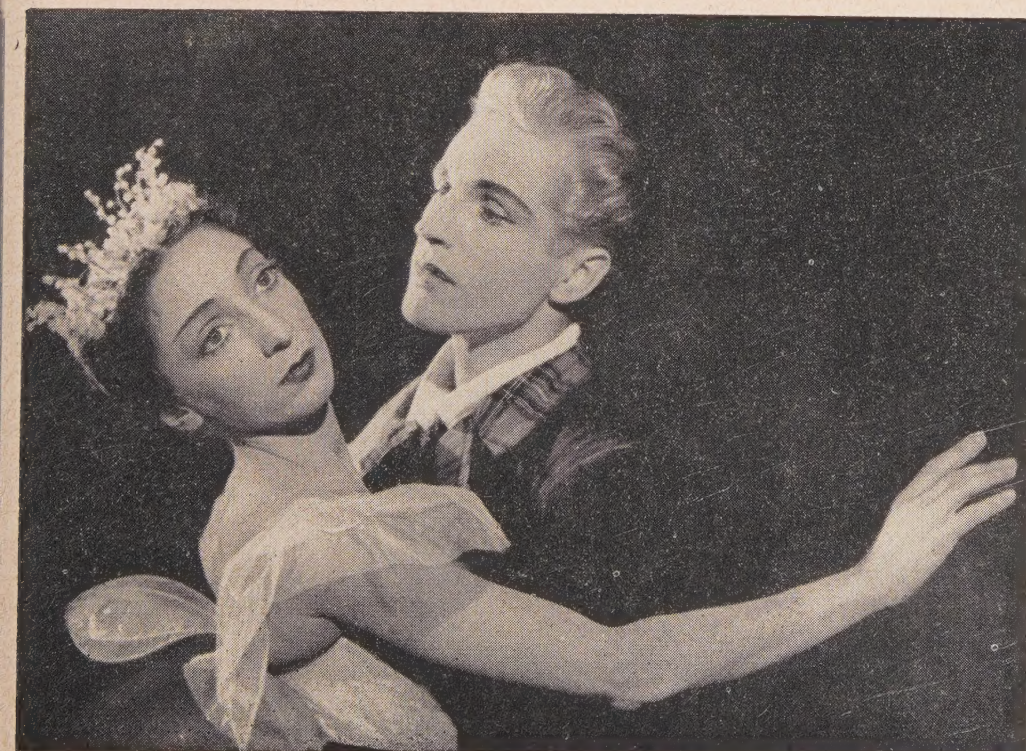
—EDITOR

LA ESMERALDA

IT was only just over a year ago when the full length version of *La Esmeralda* was recreated by Nicholas Beriosoff at the Festival Hall. Now the Prologue, the first and third acts, besides the first scene of the second act have been cut, leaving only the second scene of Act II, which contains all the Celebration divertissements. Marilyn Burr danced the role created by Natalie Krassovska, and was partnered by John Gilpin in his original role. Belinda Wright, who should have also danced her original role was indisposed, her place being taken by Toni Lander. Marilyn Burr has a strong technique and a pleasant line: she performed to perfection her exceedingly difficult "diagonal sur pointe" across the stage, but in the pas de deux her dancing lacked finish, a fault she should easily be able to overcome. Toni Lander was radiant; there is poise in her every movement, she acquitted herself as a true ballerina should. What an acquisition she has been to this company. Her Captain Phoebus was Nicolai Polajenko; although he is a natural dancer with fine elevation, he has an ungainly habit of hunching his shoulders and straining his neck forward. John Gilpin's dancing was again almost beyond criticism. Of the smaller roles a word must be spoken in praise of Ronald Emblem and Donald McAlpine; these two young dancers can always be relied upon to turn in a good performance in ballet after ballet.

V.C.

Left: Azuma Kabuki Dancers
Below: Margrethe Schanne and Erik Bruhn



*"Love so amazing so divine
demands my soul, my life, my all"*

THESE words of community singing rose on the still evening air of September's first Sunday and the 1955 Edinburgh Festival's last. In the sky a bird was hovering, making turn after turn on the wing, as if to improve its every action—and for a few moments we re-captured the spirit that gripped everyone connected with the first great Edinburgh International Festival in 1947. Not that the spirit has entirely gone, but like all things which grow, the Festival has got a little out of hand and a tendency to let slip has sometimes got the better of the desire to go on finding and giving the very best. The words of the hymn certainly fell as a vivid symbol of what a Festival should mean to everyone who takes any kind of part in it.

The City and its residents, however, remain constant as year follows year. The actual events mean very little to local people; quite a number find the whole thing too "high-brow" and those that do not, find it almost impossible to obtain tickets. But they love the City—rugged and magnificent, where the sun shines brightly if not intensely, where rain falls lightly and dries quickly in the winds and where cobbles and grassy slopes seem to have been cast over the face of the earth like the easy folds of a mantle.

Those who had journeyed to this battlement of culture to see what ballet had to offer this year must now be relieved that it stood well on the cultural Olympus with the major arts of music, drama and art. This is no mean challenge for an art which has hardly enough fresh growth to cope year after year with an artistic Festival and we have to thank, primarily, the Azuma Kabuki Dancers and Musicians for creating a stimulus to the theatre and dance worlds, similar to that of Martha Graham early last year. The ingredients are the same in both cases: whether you like what comes across the footlights or not, here you have a well-integrated company, presenting something which we in Europe find difficult to absorb completely, because it is totally different in conception, style and content to anything we have seen before. It was a bold move that the Festival's artistic director, Ian Hunter, in this, his last year of office, should secure a com-

pletely new form of theatrical experience.

The success of the Royal Danish Ballet should in no way be allowed to pale in the rays of this Oriental Sun, for they again are new visitors to the Festival and gave their own endearing best. Good programme building (on the whole) meant that we saw Bournonville superbly danced in *La Sylphide* and *Napoli* and realised the basic wealth of this remarkable company. Vera Volkova's influence as artistic adviser no doubt affected their sympathetic production of Ashton's *Romeo and Juliet*, and her

effect in the coming years on the younger members of the company should make us pleased that this 1955 Festival showed the world the first results of the combination of two schools.

Away from the main banquetting halls, we come to the tit-bits of screen and fringe. These should be no less appealing, for they tend to draw a wider and more varied public. The West Country Ballet, directed by Frances Crossley, with Wendy Hilton, Susan Richter, Maureen Corp, Brenda Last, Peter Darrell, Peter Brownlee, Ronnie Curran and Iain Montague, presented

three modest works in a modest theatre and filled a Festival niche quite appropriately. For this, their first bow to the world, they enjoyed a cultural show-case second to none that can be offered today, and gave their audiences some topical entertainment.

The screen, which, at Edinburgh, draws in queues of people at 11 a.m., 3 p.m. and 8 p.m., as usual did not take full advantage of this opportunity. The cinema is the youngest of the arts and it has still not learned its own lesson, which its early pioneers excelled in, and which succeeded in establishing the cinema as a separate art in its own right. This lesson is: how to say something worth saying as brilliantly as possible in the shortest possible space of time.

Of the four films seen this year, which, for various reasons ranked as examples of filmed dancing, we must gasp in grateful wonder at Marcel Marceau's *Pantomimes*—35 minutes of good artistry, cinema, and entertainment from a good dancer. The rest must be regretted away for being too dull, badly constructed and inartistic. What a pity that there are insufficient good films available for the Festival Film Committee to be able to reject those films which are motivated primarily through political or commercial causes.

Perhaps the toast at the end of this Ninth Festival should be drunk not just to the flow of good dancing for future Festivals, but to the new artistic director, Robert Ponsonby, who is already engaged in seeking fresh talent for international consumption next year. He will need all the good luck in the world. We shall look forward to the results of his labours, which will no doubt be conceived in the spirit of his predecessor, Ian Hunter and, before him, Rudolf Bing.

Susan Lester



Left :-

Mona Vangsaa
as Juliet

Heming Kronstram
as Romeo

Royal Danish Ballet

AFTER visiting the May festival given by the Royal Danish Ballet, I crossed the Baltic to Helsinki, the shining 'White City of the North', on board the *Ariadne*. A veteran Finnish ship, dating from the last century, it now gives even the most intrepid balletomane a carefree voyage in old-world luxury, but before it was lengthened it bore the ominous subtitle—'The rocking-chair of the Baltic'.

Although I was visiting Helsinki primarily to attend the fifth festival of music by Jean Sibelius—who will be 90 in December—I was anxious to discover something of the Finns' approach to ballet, since last season both Beryl Grey and Margot Fonteyn had gone there to give guest performances. Also, in recent years Miss Mary Skeaping has visited the Finnish Opera Ballet to produce *Swan Lake* and other works with the enthusiastic young company. Recently she told me of her experiences there, and her pleasure at working with a company that is progressing so quickly; last year they visited the music festival at Santander in Spain, dancing a *Fantasia* to music by Sibelius, and their most famous national ballet *Pessi and Illusia* by Ahti Sonninen. Afterwards the company was invited to appear in London, and although this has not yet been possible, it is hoped that before long the company will be able to return the visits by the British ballerinas.

Being the closest Scandinavian people to the Soviet Union geographically, though culturally united more with the West—Sibelius's music is played more in Britain than in any other country except his homeland—the Finns are uniquely placed to compare dance standards across Europe. When Beryl Grey arrived there last November to dance in *Swan Lake* with their Klaus Salin, she appeared only shortly after guest visits from two ballerinas from Moscow's Grand Theatre. But her triumph was complete. "A dancer with an absolutely perfect technique . . . it would be fine to see her perform in the newly created Russian choreography as we saw Tihomirova and Golowkina do in such masterly fashion here" wrote the critics, adding, "her visit will have an awakening influence on the whole ballet company".

The stage of the Finnish Opera is flat, like that of the Royal Danish Opera, but that did not apparently affect her beautiful performances, and she paid generous tributes to the accomplished dancing of her partner, Klaus Salin who, being unusually tall, was well suited to her. Her visit, unlike that made by Margot Fonteyn in March, was not sponsored by the British Council, but undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. Sulo Raikkonen, director of the opera.



Finish National Opera. Beryl Grey—Klaus Salin.

Ballet in Finland



Both British dancers did, however, find the small and shallow stage of the Finnish Opera a hindrance, and it is good to know that a scheme is now afoot to build a new Opera House in Helsinki, worthy to stand beside their brilliant modern architecture and sculpture. Its design will inevitably be criticised severely by the Finns who take a keen pride in their beautiful capital. (Recently more than forty models for a statue to Marshal Mannerheim, their great leader, were rejected on the grounds that the granite horse he rode was too unrealistic!)

The Ballet School at the Finnish Opera was created in the twenties. There are now 200 students aged between seven and twenty, who spend at least an hour daily in practice—little compared with that demanded in the famous school at the Royal Danish Ballet. The Finnish students are divided into five classes receiving instruction based on Russian, British and French methods. One difficulty there, I understand, is the fact that most of their male dancers are obliged to follow other employment during the day, since the salaries paid are unusually low.

Margot Fonteyn's visit to Finland was greeted with great approval, and Finns with whom I discussed her dancing stated clearly that it was certainly the finest seen there for many years. Some found her ethereal grace and musical sensibility her outstanding qualifications. And those who had seen the almost legendary Ulanova, assured me that Margot Fonteyn's unique position is in no way challenged by the Russian dancer, great though she undoubtedly is.

During my visit, the new Russian film of *Romeo and Juliet*, with Ulanova and Zhdanov, was showing in two of Helsinki's chief cinemas for the sixth week: I found the immediate comparison with Ashton's new ballet most interesting. But, of course, at its best the cinema is an unequal medium for ballet, and it would be rash to form any concrete opinions merely from such enchainé performances. However, Ulanova's technical brilliance could be seen amply, though many of the pas-de-deux were ruined visually by the irritating method by which the camera moved from one dancer to another, instead of giving a distant view of the pair. The colour was good, and Mercutio's death scene was brilliantly acted; in fact it made a first class film as such, but a dubious ballet. The music was moderately well recorded.

Continued on page 8

AMERICA

SUMMER SEASON IN CHICAGO

THE ride is almost an hour, so I looked for company several evenings late in June after boarding the suburban train in Chicago. Already on the first trip I found an old friend, Mr. Sherman Lewis, a student of literature whose recent review of the Stefan and Friderike Zweig correspondence had earned him considerable critical praise. He was at a window seat in the smoking car, turning out trouser pockets in an attempt to find his ticket for the first of six performances by Ballet Theatre at Ravinia Park's open-air pavilion. The ticket located, we settled into conversation: Rosella Hightower's return from France to join Ballet Theatre on its Latin American tour, Alonso's recent and Youskevitch's coming departure from the company to join Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo. Also, Lewis told me of *Desires*, a German ballet film which had recently been shown at several cinemas in Chicago, but which I had missed seeing. "The prima ballerina of the Salzburg Festival jumps up from her bench at a performance of *Everyman* and stalks through town in time to see her morphine peddler arrested. What to do? She reasons that she must dance, and that to dance she must have dope. She therefore seduces a local chemist. Halfway through the film she is in condition to dance easily and lyrically two crude scenes from a ballet in a typically Continental comic style. But fate follows fast; the pace is clinical and moral. At the height of her career, off she goes to a sanatorium black-mailed by a police doctor who did not succumb to her charms." Lewis thought that the film's star, Stella Werdner, was "beautiful as a plum tree" but needed a better vehicle for her talents.

We did not meet again until the homeward train after Ballet Theatre's final night, at which time we discussed the performances. We agreed that Ravinia

Park's stage, designed for summer concerts of the Chicago Symphony, lacked the necessary depth and wings so essential for dance. Lewis thought that the garden ballets in the repertory, framed by three rows of potted evergreens at the back and sides of the stage, emerged with a special poignancy, becoming direct projections of the moods of the woodland. But he admitted that on a stage which did not allow scenery, the success of court and ballroom ballets depended too entirely on individual performances.

Hightower disappointed me but delighted Lewis who thought that she had more Parisian gaiety than a barrel of monkeys and yet a great, placid beauty, which combination might make her especially fine in soubrette roles. I pointed out that she had danced no soubrette roles but almost exclusively classical pas de deux, in which the manners of French fun become annoying mannerism. Nora Kaye, who in the past has been considered almost a modern dancer, continues to gain new intuitions of movement with her every performance of the classics. However, with neither Hightower or Kaye quite settled in their style, and with Ruth Ann Koesun and John Kriza never as impressive in major roles as their interpretations of minor parts might make one hope, the burden of the season fell on the furious technique and temperament of Lupe Serrano, the musical elegance of Sonia Arova, Eric Braun's sense of character and Youskevitch, whom Lewis thought so perfect a courtier that he ought to act Hamlet.

The orchestra of fifty Chicago Symphony men were pleasing, but their habits as musicians often interfered with the necessary exaggerations of accompanists; the great fight of ballet and its music must be fought elsewhere.

George Jackson

Continued from page 7

BALLET IN FINLAND

Jussi Jalas, son-in-law of Sibelius, and conductor of the Finnish Opera told me he presented Britten's *Peter Grimes* and *The Rape of Lucretia* there last winter in his own Finnish translations, and both were very

well received. It is clear, in fact that Finland artistically—as politically—looks to the West. But then remember the northern proverb: "The sea unites, the land divides".

Gerard Bourke

SWITZERLAND

BUILDING A BALLET TRADITION

SINCE the end of World War II great efforts have been made to build up a ballet tradition in a country which has often been recognized as anti-balletic. In fact Switzerland's contributions to dance development have been on a more unorthodox level, e.g., the "Eurythmics" of the Genevan Jacques-Dalcroze or the very personal and grotesque dance-theatre of the Zurich dancer Trudi Schoop.

Nowadays the French speaking part of Switzerland specialises in pure classical style, while the German speaking part is becoming a centre of Central-European dancing without neglecting classical technique as a fundamental base.

In Geneva, the home-town of Dalcroze, Boris Kniazev, the famous trainer of even more famous ballerinas has settled down and opened a school. Nearby, in Lausanne, a ballet school with municipal and private support exists under the patronage of Serge Lifar. This is run by Nicolas Zwerew.

In the German speaking region Zurich is the most ambitious town. This year it was for the tenth time that dancers from all over the world met there during their holidays in order to work under a number of world-famous teachers belonging to the Free-Dance movement.

For 1955 Mary Wigman, Germany; Rosalia Chladek, Vienna; Harald Kreutzberg, who recently opened a school in the Swiss Capital, Berne; Sigurd Leeder, London; and Anna Sokolov, the modern teacher of the New York City Ballet were invited to demonstrate their methods of practice and creation. The 160 dancers taking part in the courses came away with renewed enthusiasm and fresh knowledge.

For some years now classical ballet has been included, also represented by such highly qualified teachers as Madame Nora and Victor Gsovsky. Gsovsky's class this year was so full, that a Gymnasium in the University had to be taken to cope with the invasion.

During the wintertime hard work is done in several ballet-schools of Zurich and specially in the Swiss Theatre Dance School, unique in German speaking countries for its variety of styles. Here Classical, Dalcroze and Laban techniques are taught together with Acrobatics, Character Dance, French Mime and American tap dancing. This year as usual an outstanding specialist was invited to enlarge the curriculum: José Udaeta, who teaches Spanish dancing assisted by his partner Susana Audeoud, who is of Swiss origin.

What is regarded as typical for the recent development of dance in this country is that most of the stimulus and suggestions for theatre-dance are made by musicians. A great part of the piano-accompanists in dance-schools are established composers regarding it as their main task to keep up the highest possible musical standard and to provide the teachers with inspiring themes.

Perhaps there is something in the theory that mountainous regions produce a high percentage of musicians—yodelling for example arose because of the necessity for people to keep in touch with each other on the mountainside. So in Switzerland people are naturally inclined to stand still and sing rather than dance, it being difficult to find suitable places for dancing in our switchback countryside!

Werner Gallusser

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BACKSTAGE

FONTEYN fans completely blocked Floral street after the final performance at Covent Garden. Waiting for one last glimpse of their favourite many hundreds milled around the stage-door. **Fonteyn** emerged, the crowd made a gangway, fell back rather mystified for no car was in sight to bear her away. She walked a few yards along the street and disappeared into the Royal Box entrance. A delighted roar went up from the crowd. She was attending an after-the-show party in the theatre, but not to disappoint her admirers made this brief appearance. This was a typical **Fonteyn** gesture, she must have been tired, it would have been so easy to slip through the theatre entrance to the Royal Box, but she remembered the waiting crowd.

OUR photograph shows **Danilova** saying farewell to the Festival Ballet Company after her appearance with them as guest artist at the Festival Hall this season. Each member of the Company presented her with a few flowers to make a huge bouquet.

SADLER'S Wells will return from their American tour during December and re-open at Royal Opera House, on New Year's Eve.

Danilova's Farewell

OUR front-page portrait of **Margot Fonteyn** was taken by **Mike Davis** three days before the Sadler's Wells Company left for America. **Miss Fonteyn** had promised *Ballet Today* a sitting some time ago, and as the time drew nearer for the American tour I felt that it would be impossible for this to be sandwiched in amongst her countless engagements. **Margot** kept her promise and this beautiful study of her in *Giselle*, the last role in which she played at Covent Garden this season, is the result.

ANITA Landa and **Michael Hogan** are to be married in Paris. **Anita** has been given three months' leave of absence from the Festival Company at the end of their London season. Our photograph extreme right was taken at the airport during their Spanish tour, when **Michael** left the Company. In the background are **Daphne Dale** and **Tony Gilpin**.

Other members of the Festival Company shortly to be married are **Monica Leigh**, who is marrying **Sydney Kaufmann** in New York, and **Christina Martin** who is to wed American millionaire's son—**Warren Hellman**—in San Francisco.

Christina Martin

VIOLETTA Elvin is to be ballerina in the Festival Hall Christmas show *Where the Rainbow ends*. **Harald Lander** has specially created a new ballet for her in this production.

THE British Ballet Organisation announce an important new scholarship, to bear the name of **Espinosa** for the provision of a year's tuition in classical ballet dancing.

The scholarship is open to executants and unqualified assistant teachers between the ages of 16 and 24 who have passed the B.P.O. Preliminary ballet examination or higher.

Full details of this and other scholarships are obtainable from the Secretary, "Woolborough House", 39 Lonsdale Road, Barnes, S.W.13.

BETTY Goodman returned to England at the end of September, and will recommence teaching in London. **Miss Goodman** has been studying and teaching in America for the past eighth months.

GUILLERMO Keys Arenas, dancer and choreographer, here in London for a refresher course, gave me very interesting news of ballet in Mexico. As in

every country in the world, ballet is going ahead very rapidly. We hope to publish this news in a future issue.

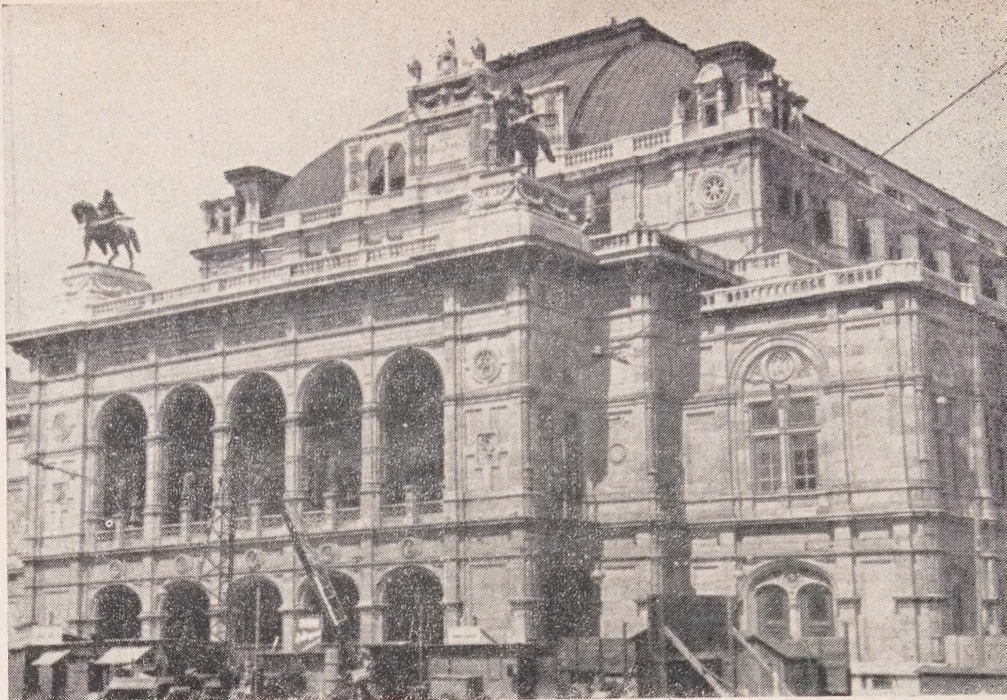
THE commercial world have not been slow in realising the popularity of ballet. Recently shoes, compacts, stockings and other commodities have adopted a ballerina motif. Now ballet has its own perfume—*Tutu*, which has been created by **John Saville** of the firm of that name, for the typical modern woman with an appreciation of the arts. Packed in various sizes, it will be on sale in the shops from 15th September, and prices will be within the scope of the most modest budget.

JOAN Benesh, a member of the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and her husband, **Rudolf Benesh**, have now evolved a system of choreographic notation. It has taken them eight years to perfect it, and will be used at the Sadler's Wells School as from this autumn. Senior students will take the course prior to leaving the School, and it will be included in the curriculum of major dance schools in England.

Monica Leigh



One of the
most
brilliant
and
important
events this
year will be
the
re-opening
of the
State Opera
House
in Vienna



Above: The Staatsoper—in the foreground the tram lines are being removed before the opening night.

Opposite page left: The chandeliers are masked, the paint pots still there, but everything will be ready on the night.

Opposite page right: The new Iron Curtain only awaits the removal of the scaffolding.



Mike Davis
gives
readers a
peep behind
the scenes
before the
curtain goes
up on the
5th
November

RE-OPENING OF

THE world famous Vienna Opera House opens, after its rebuilding, on November 5th, with a run of eight première performances. On November 29th, the Staatsoper ballet company presents its first full length ballet, *Giselle* followed by *Othello*, an ambitious project for this recently reorganised company under the guidance of 37-year-old ex-Covent Garden dancer Gordon Hamilton. Hamilton, described as "frischer wind" by Viennese newspapers, for his ability to cut away dead wood and implement new ideas, has just signed a 3-year contract as classical teacher to the company and head of the State Ballet School. This is reputed to be the longest contract ever given here to a foreigner. He is already planning to follow *Giselle*, for which he is responsible, with a full 4 Act *Swan Lake*.

Willy Dirlt will dance Albrecht

in *Giselle* and on the same night create the role of Othello in this new work of Erika Hanka. In *Giselle* title role will be danced by the young Austrian ballerina Gretel Bauer, while Desdemona in *Othello* has been given to 16-year-old pupil Chrystl Zimmerl. She has been chosen as the most talented young dancer that the company has yet produced and, although never having danced a role, she has been given the honour of making her debut at the Gala première. This young and beautiful girl has astonished everyone at her progress during rehearsals and a great career is prophesied for her.

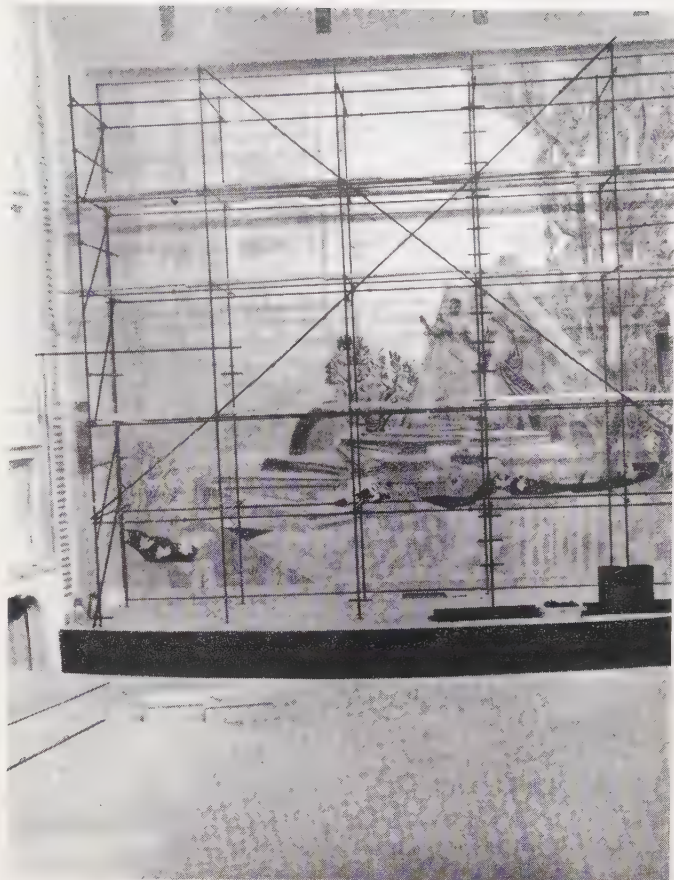
It is difficult for us in England to comprehend the enormous facilities placed at the disposal of the Vienna State ballet company. Apart from a potential of some 155 artistes (75 artistes and 80 students), the stage is the world's most modern. It has a

total area of some 1,600 sq. yards and from the lowest level to the roof some 150 ft. high. There are six hydraulic noiseless platforms that can be raised or lowered as the scenes warrant, a folding and revolving stage, orchestra pit seating 120 musicians, air-conditioned with the air induced from a nearby park and three ballet rehearsal rooms of the most modern design. Each soloist is assigned his or her own dressing room.

A pension scheme is in existence by which members of the company can retire with the equivalent of the full final year's salary after 20 years' service and smaller pensions are given after only 10 years with the company.

The Viennese are determined to raise the standard of their ballet to the equivalent status of their Opera.

The auditorium of the House is decorated in the traditional red



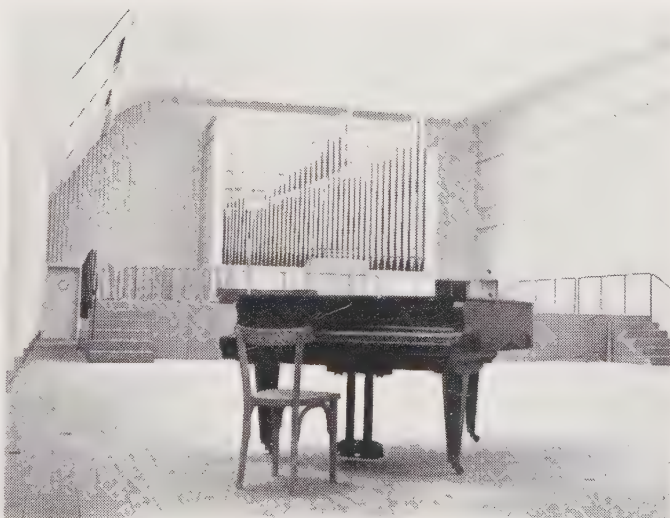
THE STAATSOPER

and gold of Imperial times and those who remember and loved the old House will not be disappointed with the modern version. The famous white marble entrance hall and stairway, one of the finest in Europe, survived the fire in '45. Broad promenade halls surround the auditorium, while it is planned to throw open several of the white marble terraces to the public during the summer months.

The seating capacity in relation to the size of the building is comparatively small, only seating 2,095 persons with additional standing room for some 500.

To understand the magnificence of such a building one must know that to the Viennese, the Opera House has always been part of their existence, in fact the very heart of this city of song and dance.

Mike Davis



One of the rehearsal rooms. All photos by Mike Davis.

NEXT MONTH

Our Front Cover will be of Chrystl Zimmerl, taken on the roof of the Vienna Opera House (by Mike Davis) it is one of the most attractive cover portraits we have ever published. Readers are therefore asked to reserve copies early to avoid disappointment

THE ALICIA MARKOVA STORY

PART THREE

MARKOVA returned to Ballet Theatre after her appearance in the *Seven Lively Arts*, the revue which Billy Rose presented and for which Igor Stravinsky composed the score *Scenes de Ballet*. Her repertoire whilst with the company was a considerable one, consisting mainly of *Les Sylphides*, *Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle*, *Aurora's Vision*. Besides several modern works, yet the following year in between the dates of Ballet Theatre's engagements she and Dolin formed the Markova Dolin group, which was to tour the Central States of America performing a repertoire which included Dolin's *Pas de Quatre* and *Les Sylphides*. The next year, 1946, saw a further tour of this Markova-Dolin group; later Alicia was asked to appear as

Guest Artist with the original Ballet Russe which at that time had a heavy touring programme. Markova accepted, and apart from appearing in the classical ballets she created the name role in *Camille*, a ballet with choreography by John Taras.

TREMENDOUS STAMINA

She remained with the original Ballet Russe until the early months of 1947, when she left to go on a further tour of the Central American States with the Markova-Dolin group. Within two months the company had performed in Venezuela, Panama, Costa Rica, Colombia, Salvador, Cuba, Puerto Rico and Jamaica. Following this arduous programme of pioneering ballet, Dolin and Markova accepted an

engagement to appear with the Mexican Ballet. The stamina of these two artistes was tremendous, for within weeks of their return to the United States, they set out for a further five months' tour.

ANOTHER TOUR

In the March of 1948 Markova and Dolin set forth on their much publicised tour of the Philippines, but this time they did not have a supporting company. One of the highlights of the tour was their performance in the Manila Opera House, in which Pavlova had herself once appeared some twenty four years previously. The tour of these Pacific islands was an unqualified success; many of the audiences had never seen ballet before, yet

they could not have been more enthusiastic in their reception of these two great dancers.

GREAT OVATION

In the summer of the same year Markova and Dolin accepted an offer by David Webster on behalf of the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company to appear as Guest Artistes. They would appear in *Les Sylphides*, *Le Lac des Cygnes*, *Giselle*, and in the new production of *The Sleeping Beauty*, which was to be Markova's first appearance in the complete ballet. The opening programme was advanced so that they could appear at the annual performance given for the Sadler's Wells Benevolent Fund. It was not a success, everything having been very hurriedly



Opposite Page :-

Les Sylphides

photo: Walter E. Owen

Left -

Giselle Act II

photo: Studio Iris

Grace Cone. The tour opened in Hull, where the great reception which greeted them typified the success of the tour.

FESTIVAL BALLET

In 1950 under the wing of Doctor Julian Braunschweig the Festival Ballet was formed. Alicia Markova was to be its prima ballerina and the large company was to have a repertoire consisting of many of the great classical ballets, numbering *Les Sylphides*, *Casse Noisette*, *Giselle*, of course, *Swan Lake*, *Act II*, *Pas-de-Quatre*, whilst a revival of *Petrouchka* was to be staged.

Markova remained with the company for three years, during which period she created the leading role in David Lichine's *Symphonic Impressions*. Since the staging of this ballet none of Lichine's work has been seen in this country.

FINAL BREAK

In 1952, after a foot injury, Markova returned to the Company at Monte Carlo, but her ankle had not sufficiently recovered, for after only one performance she could not continue. Later in the year she left Festival Ballet, although this time it was to be her final break. After several guest appearances at the Colon Theatre in Buenos Aires, she returned as guest artiste with the Ballet Theatre. Her break with the Festival Ballet was of supreme significance, for it virtually meant the breaking up of the Markova-Dolin partnership, which had meant so much to the public and to themselves over the years.

V.C.

arranged, but their triumph was, to follow. The ovation which greeted her *Giselle* was almost legendary. After her appearance at Covent Garden Alicia returned to the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo, where a revival of Masine's *Rouge et Noir* was staged.

ENORMOUS AUDIENCES

In the following year, 1949, Markova and Dolin decided to return again to London to dance in the vast Empress Hall Stadium in Earl's Court. The recitals drew enormous crowds, where, due to the cheaper prices of the seats, the doors were thrown open to a much greater public who previously could not have

afforded the West End theatre prices.

So successful were the performances that at Harringay Arena several months later the Rambert ballet were asked to provide soloists and a corps de ballet so that they would be able to stage *Les Sylphides*, *Casse Noisette*, and *Giselle* besides Markova's rendering of *The Dying Swan*.

Dancers can seldom have ever played to such a capacity audience. At every single performance a crowd some nine thousand strong would be expected.

Prior to the Harringay season, Markova and Dolin flew to South Africa, where they opened a short tour at Johannesburg, followed by visits to Durban,

Pretoria, Port Elizabeth, and going further north to Bulawayo, finally completing their tour in Nairobi, the capital of Kenya.

IN THE PROVINCES

On their return from the African continent, and soon after the Harringay appearances, Markova and Dolin embarked on a provincial tour with a concert group, which was to give performances of *Chopiniana* besides other works.

This concert group was to be of profound significance, for it was the basis from which Festival Ballet was formed a year later. They were young dancers who had been under the tuition of

The Final Chapter of the Markova story will be in November issue of *Ballet Today*. Parts 1 and 2 are still available from Ballet Today office, price 1/3d. each, post paid.



The Happy Prince

photo: Paul Child

THE CAMBRIDGE IDEA A. V. COTON

Les Rats

photo: Otto Karminski



NO lover of the Theatre (and even the critic qualifies for this designation) ever endures anything more dispiriting than the average Dance School Show. Apart from the few teachers of real originality—perhaps 1 per cent. of the profession—the general run of proprietors of Dance Academies can be guaranteed to contribute more to the sum of human misery, by way of their annual shop-windowing of their pupils' skill, than any other human group. The reason is obvious; since the vogue for Ballet drove every female child away from ambitions to become a cross-Channel swimmer or a bareback rider in a circus, and put into tens of thousands of tiny heads the notion that it would be exciting to "dance on my toes", dance schools have had to justify their over-swollen class lists by giving occasional performances, usually to audiences of doting parents and other relations.

On the rare occasions when a school has on its books, by a blind stroke of Fortune, some child with better-than-average looks, physique, skill and intelligence, the school show may be worth watching; one occasionally does see a real dance talent in embryo, and the cavortings and capers of the rest cease to matter very much. But even this rarity needs to be shown in something approximating to choreography and in surroundings which somehow suggest that theatrical dancing should take place in a theatre. For probably the most unnerving constituents of the average school show are the total absence of real patterns of dancing, and of trim-

mings (costume, music, lighting) even distantly related to the professional performance of dancing.

Having finally seen the Dance School Show at its highest possibility, I marvel that so few proprietors of academies have troubled to do what has been done with increasing success for a number of years in Cambridge. The group of performances planned, organised, worked up and presented by Mari Bicknell each summer at the Arts Theatre, show a level of achievement quite unlike anything anywhere else in the ballet world; and for the simplest of reasons. For Mrs. Bicknell sets out to put on a programme in which every constituent is as close to the highest professional level as is possible; her early work under Karsavina and with the (then) Vic-Wells Ballet guarantees her own standard of professional approach. The big difference between what goes on in Cambridge and what happens elsewhere is a simple one—it is a matter of discipline and organisation. The pupils are taught to expect lots of hard work and apparently endless rehearsals; they are cast for roles in ballets specially devised for their skills; professional designers and scene-painters collaborate to produce decor, staging and lighting that are often better than the standards of some touring full-scale ballet companies. Music is chosen, not for its melodic or rhythmic simplicity, but because it is suitable for the ballet being created. This year's new ballet got a fresh score from an experienced composer for professional ballet, Joseph Horowitz. The result is a performance of dancing whose *one basic difference* from the biggest company's show of ballet lies in the ages of the performers, for a full repertoire of ballets exists in which every part has been, as it were, "tailor-made" for the most suitable pupil who could fill the role. This means that six- and seven-year olds are given quite simple dances or pieces of mime business, but they learn them slowly and carefully and undergo steady rehearsals during evenings and at weekends; older pupils take more complex roles with more complicated mime and dancing which is technically harder.

In a performance everybody walks or dances on to the stage like a professional; and like professionals they don't show nerves (if they have any!), they wear

Dancers

costumes and make-up that look appropriate, they don't come out of character, they know the music and how they have to move to it, and in every way they are completely inside their roles. This is not so extraordinary as it might seem, for children below a certain age, and the younger ones particularly, can only mime effectively if they put heart and soul into it; on these occasions they do so because as part of their training they have learned something else as well as dance technique. What they have learned, usually years before the average teenage ballet student learns it, is a wholly professional attitude.

All this does not mean that Mrs. Bicknell is turning out young dancers of such quality that our few remaining companies are madly outbidding each other for their future services; it does mean that she is equipping young people interested in dancing with a sane, balanced attitude towards the profession. On average the Bicknell pupil gets a closer, more realistic idea, of what professional ballet is like than—I dare swear—the pupils of any other dance school in the country. At the age of fourteen or so, when grim Reality convinces the parents of little Jane of Miss Smith's Academy in Bath, Birmingham or Brighton, that little Jane isn't going to make a real ballerina, the child undergoes a traumatic shock that may be easily digested or, equally, may twist the whole of her future life. In Cambridge at that age the pupils have already tasted the intoxicating liquor of projecting at a real live audience, inside a real live ballet, and under theatrical conditions of complete integrity.

The repertoire by now consists of *Let's make a ballet* (a documentary on how choreography and dancing are blended, with a final scene of a ballet created before the audience's eyes); *Elsie Piddock*, based on an Eleanor Farjeon story; *The Happy Prince*; *Les Images*; *Fanfare*; and *Les Rats*, a story of the fantasies indulged in by three junior pupils at the Paris Opera Ballet. The choreography of each is by Mari Bicknell; and the extra ingredient that she adds to all her works is the guidance of every pupil towards a sensible, balanced attitude towards the business of dancing, whether the child is to become a professional dancer or is to grow up happily anticipating some quite different occupation after leaving school.

SALTAVIT ET PLACUIT

By J. R. FARRINGTON

IN the earliest days of civilisation along the French Mediterranean coast the Greeks built a town upon the small promontory across the wide bay of Nikké, the city of victory, to-day known as Nice. They named it Antipolis, the town opposite.

Later, the Romans occupied the site and developed the harbour for their galleys. The importance of the town merited a theatre, which has long sunk into oblivion with the rest of the Roman buildings.

Among the few relics of Roman days in Antibes, the Antipolis of long ago, is a memorial stone now in the local museum. This is dedicated to the shades of a youth, who for two days danced and pleased—*saltavit et placuit*.

The stone was for unknown years embedded in a wall near the church where it not only survived the destruction caused by constant sieges throughout the centuries, but somehow escaped the attentions of souvenir hunters and small boys.

Nothing is known of the subject of this somewhat pathetic memorial. Possibly he may have been some athletic young barbarian brought in by the Romans from their wide empire, even from Britain, and trained to entertain the patricians and garrison of Antibes. But of the ponderous memorials to the Roman commanders no trace exists. Alone this humble stone recalls the glory of Imperial Rome in the person of this dancer, whose young life must have faded with the applause that crowned his exit.

This may be one of the earliest tributes to one who delighted the public with his art, and few members of the profession to-day could view this mute stone without forming a mind picture of those two days, so long ago, when this boy charmed the packed benches of robed Romans and steel helmeted soldiers under the setting sun of the Midi.

Right: *Roberte Chellabi of Casablanca, Morocco. Gold Medalist in the under eighteen Solo Ballet Class, International Festival of Dancing, Edinburgh, 1955.*

MISS Roberte Chellabi, fifteen year old Ballet Dancer from Casablanca was awarded a gold medal in the fifteen and under eighteen years' Solo Ballet Class. She is a pupil of Sonia Bessys, former première danseuse of La Opera Comique of Paris.

She made the journey to Edinburgh in order to compete in the International Festival as she hopes to become a professional dancer.

At the Festival she performed the dance of *The Dying Swan* and the adjudicator Miss Lilian Hainsworth of Sheffield, said that she had shown great feeling.

Roberte felt that her trip of two thousand miles had been well worth while and she left the Festival for Paris where she is to be given an audition at the Paris Conservatoire.

Right: *Joy Melly, aged 8 years. Pupil of Patricia Spalding.*
Photo: Ilona

THE pupils of Patricia Spalding gave their annual demonstration of the work of the school at the St. Marylebone Youth Centre, Paddington Street, W.1. on July 24th.

The programme opened with short classes showing how technical and artistic progress is built up in the Russian School.

This opportunity to see the bare bones of the work is particularly popular, giving parents and friends a real understanding of all that goes to the making of a dancer.

The classes were followed by a mixed programme of variations and ensembles.

Right: *Chinko Rafique, aged 9 years who recently came from Pakistan to study at the school. Pupil of Patricia Spalding.*
Photo: Ilona

TRAINED at the Shelagh Elliott-Clarke school in Liverpool, Carolyn Wrigley, aged 14, has been accepted for the Sadler's Wells Residential School. Miss Clarke writes, "I think Liverpool can be justifiably proud in the number of successful theatre artistes trained in this City. We have a very successful Ballet Club here, good theatres and excellent musical concerts at the Philharmonic Hall."

"Our students are drawn from a very wide area and there is a good deal of young talent in the City."

Well-known dancers who were once students of the Shelagh Elliott-Clarke school include Frederick Franklyn, John Field, Avril Navarre and John Benish.



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"A PLOMB" is the key-
word in ballet.

If you look up your dictionary you will find that the word is a French adverb meaning, in its primary sense, perpendicularity. The expression "Cette ligne tombe d'aplomb" (that line falls plumb) illustrates the meaning exactly. It is a line "as straight as a plummet line"—and we all know that a plummet is a leaden object attached to a cord, used for sounding depths. "Etre d'aplomb" is French for the expression "to stand plumb"—perpendicular, according to a plumb-line.

course of training in ballet school lasts eight to ten years and during all that time "aplomb" is being gradually and systematically acquired. The result may only be seen at the end of the schooling—yet the artist must go on and on, still striving to reach a higher standard. Hence there must be refresher courses, frequent check-lessons from experts, incessant daily practice as long as the artist remains on the stage.

ATTITUDE

Attitude is a word of vital importance. Until we bring to our studies an attitude of dedi-

LONDON-ELISABETHE CORATHIEL

Interviews Jan Cieplinski,
the eminent Polish maître de ballet

But aplomb in French is also a noun and in this sense it denotes equilibrium, self-command, self-possession, perfect assurance.

Both meanings apply with the strictest possible accuracy to ballet.

The whole object of ballet training is to acquire aplomb. It starts from the very first exercises at the bar. A full

cation, we cannot expect to get very far as artists, says Jan Cieplinski.

That is the psychological aspect. Physically, the attitude we unconsciously fall into, whether we are in class, or going about the ordinary affairs of life, posing for a photograph or merely resting, will show exactly how far we have progressed in the mech-

Attitude Ordinaire en l'air (en face)

photo: Mike Davis



anics of acquiring aplomb.

But there is also, in ballet, a more particular application of the word "attitude." Primarily every harmonious culminating position is an attitude, but since the time of Carlo Blasis the word has come to mean a specific posture. Blasis was the inventor of this position (which he based on an idea inspired by a statue of Mercury carved by the sculptor Jean Boulogne), in which the body is balanced on one foot (with the foot flat, or on half-toe, or on point) and with the other leg bent at an angle of 90 degrees, at the height of the loins.

The arm corresponding with the lifted leg is raised to frame the head; the other is extended in 2nd. This, which is called *attitude ordinaire en l'air* is correctly illustrated by the model in our photograph.

There are several varieties of attitude; for instance, *attitude devant*, *en l'air*, *en face*, etc., and different schools have their own methods of executing them, but Jan Cieplinski is firmly of the opinion that *attitude* of every kind is best achieved in the manner laid down by the man who invented it, Carlo Blasis, who taught scientifically by the pure Italian system of classical dance.

Since attitude is a culmination, the process of arriving at it will always depend on what has gone before. Suppose the dancer is in 5th position. Then:

a. Retiré; and *développé à la seconde* and

b. *Passé en attitude*.

Or, if the dancer is in 3rd:

a. Retiré, *passé en attitude derrière* (or *devant*).

There are, it will be seen, endless variations.

ADAGIO

Another word which frequently occurs in ballet is *adagio*, meaning "at ease," at leisure. The purpose of *adagio* exercises in centre is to gain stable balance and control of the body—in other words, to acquire aplomb.

In the elementary grade, starting with the *petit adagio*, great care must be taken thoroughly to prepare the stability and control of the limbs and trunk so that later on, in the intermediate and advanced grades, the more difficult amalgamated *grand adagio* may be executed confidently, with a good, clean finish.

All the classical and romantic ballets introduce an *adagio en pas de deux*. Here the male dancer supports his *danseuse* and a great deal will depend on his co-operation and adroitness. He must help her to develop her grace, to emphasise her sense of line and pass from one liquid movement to another with perfect balance. This of course is a test of the partners' inherent good taste and on the perfect way in which they "play up to" one

another will depend the success of the achievement they attempt. All of which is again very much a matter of aplomb. For the male dancer, as for the *danseuse*, we come back to aplomb as a matter of primary importance. And, of course, it rests on constant, concentrated practice.

Adagio in centre is usually started with a *grand plié*, and we know that *plié* means to bend (bending). Too much emphasis cannot be laid on preparatory work to gain stability, and this takes place at the bar before centre exercises are attempted.

The *demi-plié* and *grand-plié* at the bar should always be started from first position, never from second. To start from second throws the body out of balance and results in a most undesirable lack of co-ordination. Hence, says Jan Cieplinski, the scientific rule of the Italian system is that the *demi-plié* and *grand-plié* must always start from first, this being the right foundation for balance, as the whole stature is co-ordinated in first position. Actually, this is the basic rule for every kind of *plié*, and it is most important for ballet teachers to remember this.

Adagio exercises are numerous and can be varied *ad infinitum*, but the guiding principle to remember is that they must always be leisurely and slow.

Right: Marie Claire Carrier
Photo: Studio Liseg



PARIS — JEAN COUELLE interviews Yves Brioux a Master of the French School

AFTER having devoted two articles, in this series on eminent professors of the Dance in Paris, to a representative of the Russo-Cecchetti school (Elvira Rone) and to a purely personal teacher (Nora Kiss) one can no longer delay writing about the only extant master of the French School—Yves Brioux.

Misunderstood in England and even in France, the French School has moved English critics to create a confusion which threatens to become a tradition; it is confounded with the Milanese School, and to it is attributed a shortened line, knees bent in *batterie* and *arabesque*, a sort of unmusicality and a shortened neck between hunched shoulders. This confusion may be excused, because it would be logical to suppose that people dance in the "French" style in such official quarters as the Conservatoire or the Opera. But that is not the case; one has rather to turn to Denmark to find the true French style, taken there by Bournonville.

Born from the Court Dances, the French School of dancing was meant from the beginning to be seen from all sides. It is that fact that determines its qualities and its faults. It is necessarily stable and tensed, pure of line, and without any baroque ornamentation—the exact opposite of the characteristics usually attributed to it.

That purity of style was bound to win in the end, even subconsciously. It won in Yves Brioux' case—in spite of professors of the Italian School—because it combined naturally with the good taste which has guided him throughout his successful career as a dancer. It is curious to note the divergent paths of two great dancers of the same generation—Brioux and Serge Peretti. Graduating from a common school, they set off on the diametrically opposed roads which I have just mentioned.

Yves Brioux' courses are characterised by an intelligent use of the "barre" which educates and

disciplines the legs. On the floor, "epaulements" are so frequent that one gets the impression that the audience surrounds the stage. What else should one mention? A search for perfection of line, an especial care in the "batterie", finesse and precision in the fast steps—but this gives but an imperfect impression of the scope and assurance which Brioux' courses give the pupils. The legs produced by this master's method are so lovely that I would have wished, to illustrate this article, to have a photograph of the whole course, from the waist down . . .

Claire Sombert and Marie Claire Carrier are typical Brioux pupils. They are most promising young stars, the purity and honesty of whose work can captivate the most blasé audience. Michelle Seigneuret and Claire Motte are following close on the same enchanted path, where Brioux' pupils make roses spring in their footprints.

The Sadler's Wells Ballet: A History and an Appreciation
By Mary Clarke. (Black, 21s.)

IN 1931 Ninette de Valois went with Lilian Baylis to look at the theatre in Rosebery Avenue in its rebuilt and still rough and unfinished state. The young ex-Diaghilev dancer was handing over her flourishing ballet school to Sadler's Wells in return for the establishment of an opera ballet and a training school within the walls of the new theatre. "From the gallery it was a vast expanse of white, without paint or upholstery or seats. Both women were quiet and preoccupied—struck by the grandeur of the building and aware of all it was going to mean to them in the future." There were no grants, donations or financial support of any kind, and the ballet at Sadler's Wells had to pay its own way and justify its existence in the theatre. All profits from the school went into the ballet, and de Valois supported herself chiefly by giving private lessons in her spare time.

For those of us who have followed the fortunes of our National Ballet since those early days, this book is a welcome reminder of battles fought and victories won; for new friends it must be an exciting revelation of the story of a ballet that is now so established a part of the London

BOOKS



Left: One of the rare photographs from Mary Clarke's "The Sadler's Wells Ballet" (A. & C. Black), showing Miss Lilian Baylis inspecting the derelict Sadler's Wells Theatre with, on stage, Matheson Lang, Edith Evans and Beryl Holloway, and, left to right, Mrs. M. Lang, A. W. Pinero, Squire Bancroft

theatrical scene; and it will shake the complacency of those others who regularly attend performances of the Wells yet loudly voice their disapproval of its policy in part or as a whole.

Mary Clarke's approach is lucid, reasoned and unbiassed, and always warmed by imagination. Season by season she has recorded and described the development of the company, junior and senior, as well as the events and influences that led to its creation. There seems to be no aspect of its ramifications that she has overlooked, from particulars of grants and expenditure at Covent Garden to the aims, methods of selection and training at the Ballet School. There are many well chosen illustrations including a momentous page from an old *Dancing Times*; the upper half devoted to an announcement of the opening of the new ballet school at Sadler's Wells—while the lower advertises a large studio to be let in Kensington by Miss Ninette de Valois.

This book must be for many years the standard work of reference on the Sadler's Wells Ballet, and one is filled with admiration for the meticulous way in which the very considerable data has been assembled and

(contd. on next page)

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Books About The Ballet



BALLET? Yes — Maryon Lane in Café des Sports
A photograph by Serge Lido appearing in *Ballet Annual 1956*

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NEW RECORDS

An Important Coppelia

I WAS very pleased to receive from HMV their recording of *Coppelia*, CLP 1046. It is the fullest version that has yet been issued, covering nearly all the main items of each act. Robert Irving gets some fine playing from the Covent Garden Orchestra, which I am sure, will delight every balletgoer. With the smooth velvety quality of the recording, it can certainly be recommended.

Works of Tchaikovsky, Prokofiev and Delius have been used for many ballets of *Romeo and Juliet*, and now the latest is Berlioz'. It was given in a series of special performances in the Cour de l'Horloge of the Louvre, Paris, where his *Dramatic Symphony*

was performed by a large orchestra with chorus and soloists, and members of the de Cuevas Ballet. It met with great success, the choreographic laurels going to Skibine. Munch conducts the only LP. complete recording, H.M.V. ALP 1179-80, with considerable understanding.

Prokofiev's *First Symphony* needs a performance that is full of grace, permeated with subtle and sparkling humour—the same qualities that are essential to Tudor's *Gala Performance* to steer it clear of slapstick. Malko's interpretation, H.M.V. CLP 1044, is definitely good, though a less hurried tempo would have given these qualities more scope. The coupling—the composer's *Seventh Symphony*—is excellent.

Two attractive recordings that recall evenings of Antonio, Pilar Lopez, El Greco and others, are issued by Telefunken and Brunswick. The first, LGM 65029, of Albeniz' *Spanish Dances*, is played by the Orquesta Licira Audio Museum under Olmedo, with all the fire and dignity expected of Iberia. And then the complete original version of Granados' *Danzas Espanolas*, AXTL 1072,

played by Alicia de Larrocha. The fine singing quality of this accomplished pianist, is sheer delight. A pity the sleeve notes presume that one knows everything about the music.

Those who saw the Yugoslav Ballet at the Stoll and enjoyed their best two ballets, will want to have Decca's disc, LXT 5058, of *The Gingerbread Heart* and *The Devil in the Village*, which are conducted by their composers, Baranovick and Lhotka respectively. Both are pleasant works, making full use of their country's folk music, and receive first class recordings.

The same treatment is accorded to Capitol's record, CTL 7081 of Antheil's *Capital of the World*, which was choreographed by Loring for Ballet Theatre. The coupling is Dollar's *The Combat* originally danced by Roland Petit's Ballets de Paris and later taken into the New York City Ballet's repertoire as *The Duel*—the score is, of course, by Banfield. Levine's rendering, together with the bright type of recording, makes this a good balletic disc.

I do not agree with or like Fistouleri's angle on the music for *Giselle*, Capitol CTL 7097. He

does not appear to have given is much thought and the result hat little in common with a ballet from the Romantic Period. Nor does the hard brilliant recording help. It cannot bear comparison to Blareau's version on Decca LXT 2844—I remember playing this to Beryl Grey, who was enchanted and most interested in some of the variations of the French tempi.

Brahms' *Piano Pieces*, Columbia 33CX1256, includes Op. 118, No. 3, and Op. 119, No. 4, which form part of the score of Lifar's balletic show piece, *Grand Pas*. There are very few pianists who have the artistry of Gieseeking—his gaiety and romantic gentleness in the Ballade, and his strength and flow in the Rhapsody are quite exceptional.

Last but not least are two Philips discs. Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia, NBL 5013 gives a colourful rendering of *Scheherazade*, which is part of Festival Ballet's repertoire. Occasionally the recording falls a little short of expectations but Ormandy's phrasing and lyricism is well worth noting. The other disc is ABL 3002 of Moralt and the V.S.O. playing Strauss' four loveliest waltzes, *Blue Danube*, *Voices of Spring*, *Vienna Blood* and *Tales from Vienna Woods*. With what tilting beauty he captures the Waltz King's intentions—you just have to dance! B.C.

BOOKS contd.

arranged; but as one puts the book down, one's overwhelming feeling is, as the author would wish, one of deep respect for the manner in which the roots of this famous company have been so firmly planted and for the strong, wise and unswerving policy that shapes its destiny.

P.C.

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Dear Editor

In August issue of *BALLET TODAY*, Anthony Pope wrote a letter to the Editor criticising Montague Calman's treatment of the ballet *Sylvia*. Mr. Pope's letter and Mr. Calman's reply were printed side by side under our feature Musician at the Ballet. A great number of letters were received on this subject and we print two more herewith. Correspondence on this subject is now closed but readers are invited to give their opinions regarding Mr. Pope's suggestion for a Readers' Forum. If a reply is required please send stamped addressed envelope

ARISING out of their disagreement over the quality of the ballet *Sylvia*, the correspondence in your August issue between Mr. Anthony Pope and Mr. Montague Calman revealed an interesting situation. Mr. Pope criticised Mr. Calman's notice of *Sylvia* chiefly on the grounds of style, allowing him his opinion but disallowing his manner of stating it. Mr. Pope wrote: *but our chief objections are in a different respect. Artistic criticism is not above the ordinary conventions of politeness. When we have praise to offer, we like to be generous; when we are obliged to censure, we take pains to be exact; and in a matter of personal taste we refer to our own fallibility.*

Mr. Calman in turn allowed Mr. Pope his opinion of *Sylvia*, maintaining however that as a professional critic his judgment should have been the better; but he made no comment on Mr. Pope's chief objection. May I break this thunderous silence, please?

At first glance it might appear that the critic was right to disregard the attack on his style. "I am what I am, and if my judgment be so-and-so my written expression of it will also be so-and-so: the subject will dictate the style". But for a writer it is truer that "I am what I seem to be and my written expression modifies my judgment as I communicate it to my readers. My appreciation of a ballet may be sound and my judgment correct, and I endeavour to write what I think; but if in the writing down something goes wrong the public will not receive the impression I wished to convey."

To his readers a critic is above all the writer of a critical article, and to them a good ballet critic is someone who can write well on ballet. A bad ballet critic is not someone whose judgment is faulty but his style sound: this is simply a critic with whom one disagrees. To his readers a bad ballet critic is one whose unsound expression clouds his judgment, whose article is obscure or intemperately praises and condemns.

Further, a poor style reflects the man and his judgment, suggesting that his thoughts are of the same poor quality. For though it is possible for a critic

whose writing has not been put through the sieve of discrimination to have nevertheless thoroughly tested his original impressions of the subject of his article, it is equally possible that while the ballet was being danced he thought about it in the terms in which he was shortly to write about it. If either fault is habitual however he is not competent to be a public critic, for the public knows him by his style and the style is the man.

Therefore, to attack the literary manners of a critic is to attack him as comprehensively as can be. The critic in this instance, Mr. Montague Calman, must have seen this, since he claimed to fulfil his obligations as a critic. He did not acknowledge the charge of poor expression, but from Mr. Pope's point of view, as he stated in his final paragraph, Mr. Calman was not asked to embarrass himself by discussing it. He was asked to avoid future literary excesses, to improve his style—if he thought Mr. Pope was right.

Yours faithfully,

Oliver Piper

Dear Madam,
MR. MONTAGUE CALMAN
v. MYSELF

The prominence you gave my protest at Mr. Montague Calman's treatment of *Sylvia* was all that I could have desired. Your frankness was a pleasure.

I am sanguine enough to believe that my letter made at least one or two points that are not to be refuted. Though I am tempted to prolong my argument with Mr. Calman, I prefer to leave my case as it stands and turn to a possibly practicable suggestion that springs from Mr.

Calman's justified references to the special position of the professional critic.

Could we have in *BALLET TODAY* a "Readers' Forum"? Its contributors might be drawn from those many balletomanes who, in contrast to the professional critic, pay for their tickets and choose their performances primarily for enjoyment, but who, like him, attend sufficiently often to be very well-informed. There is a distinct and significant body of these people. They are certainly prepared to censure as well as to praise, yet they approach ballet with an unflinching co-operative and sympathetic spirit; something that is essential to the enjoyment of ballet, but that is not always easily mustered by those who go to see ballet as a duty.

Whether the keen ballet-lover would need any inducement to offer his opinions other than the gratifications of personal participation and seeing himself in print would rest with you, Madam, to determine, as well as whether a regular panel should be formed. Naturally the feature would require editorial guidance; it would be necessary to decide the topics, set in order and extract from the letters, and provide a continuous thread of discussion to make a coherent whole. The idea could be developed, I believe, in any one of a number of interesting ways; no completed plans should be here unfolded.

So far as I know nothing on these lines is already achieved in ballet journalism. In the course of time it might well prove very popular; and it might conceivably register the merits of productions of ballet more sensitively and reliably than any column written by a single person.

Yours faithfully,

Anthony D. Pope

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NEXT MONTH—

Robert Paterson gives an on-the-spot report of Lifar's annual visit to the Tomb of Diaghilev, on the Island of San Michele.

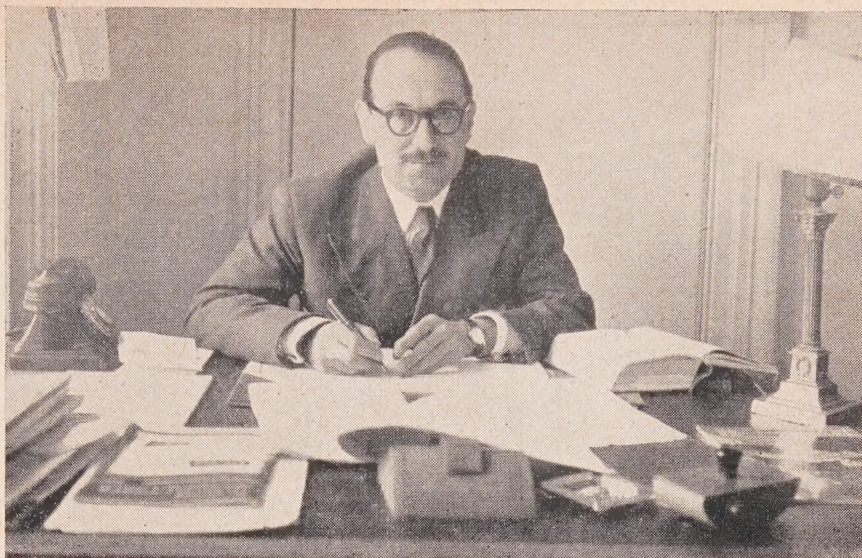
MUSICIAN

AT THE

BALLET

BY

MONTAGUE CALMAN



TOPSY TURVEY LAND

SIR Thomas Beecham has recently said of the task of the music critic that it must be one of the most difficult jobs in the world. He did not also mention that to remain sane the critic has to be something of an Alice in Wonderland. For only by standing on my head can I sometimes see clearly what the current trend is of music in the ballet world.

For example the most exciting performance in ballet music last month did not take place in the theatre at all. It was at the Proms at the Royal Albert Hall. Now you see what I mean about Alice?

Young John Hollingsworth, one of Britain's most promising conductors, has that facility for getting down to the roots of the music. He also has that indefinable quality for making an orchestra alive and its members enthusiastic. And to wake up the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra at 9.15 p.m. at a Prom is quite an achievement.

Hollingsworth took over the Prom from Malcolm Sargent and the captivating suite *La Boutique Fantasque*, from Rossini's music arranged by Respighi for Massine's ballet, came to life. Respighi worked on some of Rossini's little trifles for piano and with *Soirées Musicales*, he created a delectable and lively ballet piece. Hollingsworth gave us general virility, a superbly rhythmic pizzicato, and every ounce of dance in the music. If only there had been some dancers to exploit the wonderful musical picture that Hollingsworth painted that night.

NEW BALLET

Not all piano music is suitable for ballet. A pity then that the young Festival Ballet Company (Royal Festival Hall) showing so much enterprise and adventure in the choice of programmes often went astray in music

selection. Perhaps like so much that is youthful, they try to scale mountains before climbing hills? Still, Everest was not tackled in one season, and the spade work for all adventures takes many years indeed.

For their new work *Etudes*, the Festival Ballet choreographer went to Carl Czerny, a pupil of Beethoven and the teacher of Lizst. This Viennese composer was the world's champion writer of popular piano studies, having created hundreds, with one even reaching Opus 1000! To anyone who recalls their piano childhood and the gruesome toil of these exercises, the question will be asked: "Surely Czerny did not write the music for ballet?" Well, dear children, he did not and *Etudes* proves it. At times this Lander ballet seemed so long that I imagined I was hearing all the thousand and one studies in one evening.

SKILFUL ARRANGEMENT

So much for the background to the music of *Etudes*. Knudage Riisager, who adapted these studies for orchestra, has made an interesting score out of the slender material. He begins with some brilliantly skilful interpersions of woodwinds and strings which keep the studies skipping along. Though there is a lack of sufficient bouyancy throughout these liberal transcriptions, the L.P.O. made matters worse by a stodginess in string playing. Unfortunately for the members of the L.P.O. these trying *études* for pianists have been made into a terrifyingly tough work for orchestra. And conductor Geoffrey Corbett and the L.P.O. just did not get the hang of it. For instance, the string playing was frightfully ragged and the brass both harsh and erratic. At the beginning of this very long ballet the L.P.O. were fairly nimble, but later on

with the more complex sweeps of virtuosity, the orchestra failed the dancers badly.

Most certainly Riisager's musically arrangement needed more immaculate handling. For what should have been exciting writing sounded queerly wrong somehow. I am certain that the inaccurate notes played were not in the score. Perhaps Corbett did not have enough time to rehearse the players, for the L.P.O. can produce what is wanted: verve and breathtaking vitality.

NUTS; I BOLT

Brazil. How little we really know of this huge country with its tremendous hinterland of wild and exciting areas. When I went along to see *Braziliana* at the Piccadilly Theatre I expected to see some of this Brazil, through its dancing, its songs, and its music. True, the artists tried to give us a condensed picture of all this, especially Bernia Baia a throbbingly virile example of exotically erotic entertainment. But a dreadful afternoon tea shop orchestra, playing quite horribly, dispelled any illusions about Brazil. When these musicians attempted to bring out the pulsating rhythms of South American dances it sounded to me like a Salvation Army Band swinging it for the first time. And when the orchestra tried to get the Samba, I nearly passed out. By the end of the evening I was quite exhausted by the supposed orchestrations and the orchestral playing. I will not name the conductor because I find it hard to believe he was responsible for so much. At the end of the evening I bolted along Piccadilly and sought refuge in a coffee bar.

This is yet another instance of the lack of musical perception among some of London's theatre impresarios. The superb quality of Antonio's magnificent

performance was tarnished by a horrid horde of hacks strumming sweetly. Then a pit orchestra botched up the ballet in *The Merry Widow*. Later the fervour of the coloured *The Jazz Train* was diluted into soppy soap suds by an anaemic white band. And now the new casualty is *Braziliana*. When will impresarios realise that the pit orchestra is vitally important when you have dancers?

WELCOME BACK AGAIN!

Though only for a fortnight, the Sadler's Wells Ballet came back to the Royal Opera House recently, and I was happy to welcome a ballet company in a proper theatre, and an orchestra seated in a traditional pit. Anatole Fistoulari, as guest conductor, proved a sensitive controller of the players in *The Shadow*. He secured a delicate opening with cool, soothing sweeps of string playing, and some remarkably warm woodwind detail. The first flautist was in beautiful form that night. This Cranko ballet with Erno von Dohnanyi's uninspired music is not one of my favourite works, yet Fistoulari made it both romantic and exceedingly beautiful to listen to.

The second item that evening was one of the great British ballets, Arthur Bliss's *Checkmate*. Full of startling shades of dramatic colour, with almost every note expressing emotion and action, this inspired score has often been nobly performed by the Royal Opera House Orchestra. Bliss, himself, has given us memorable interpretations, while Robert Irving has shown us how a reading can be different yet vitally interesting. Sad to relate, on the occasion under review, Irving failed to achieve the delicate shading of the dramatic score and often threw away subtleties for raucous orchestral power.

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HOW often when discussing dancing with friends, whose visits to the ballet are spasmodic rather than frequent, they remark that their favourite ballet is *Les Sylphides*, or perhaps *Swan Lake*. They then explain their choice with the remark that "ballet is, after all, a medium only suitable for girls", and yet in lands less sophisticated than our own dancing is considered a purely masculine prerogative. In eighteenth century Europe, the great La Salle and Carmargo were not immediately awarded the tributes they deserved because prejudice was so strong against the female dancer.

EMANCIPATION OF MALE DANCERS

Within the profession the battle for the emancipation of the male dancer was fought and won in the days of Diaghilev, but ballet because of its transitory nature, is a ripe breeding ground for legend. These form the stock in trade of the would-be balletomane, always eager to impress his friends with his recently acquired knowledge.

We all know how the reputation of a great ballerina makes her a figure of superstitious awe to her admirers and thus, from a medley of ill-assimilated facts has grown the picture of the effete male dancer.

Often, because the movements of classical ballet are designed to conceal the stresses and strains they produce, it is assumed that they are easily performed, and although *effortless* is the ideal epitaph for classic roles, it is often the dancer who makes hard work of his task that receives popular praise. This particularly applies to partnering. The technique of the self effacing cavalier grew up in the period 1820-1840 when there was an abundance of ballerinas of assoluta quality. Now, when talents are more equally divided, the tradition remains, hampering the natural virtuoso dancer.

Of course we are all aware that ballet has its share of wilting wallflowers, but then so has the film industry, without its glamorous male stars being subjected to censorious public opinion.

It is true that ballet and Rugby football produce a different type of physique, but bull necked brawn is no more symbolic of masculinity than bovine submissiveness is the complete picture of womanhood.

PHYSICAL FITNESS

It is often forgotten that ballet

training is a physical discipline. Ballet has a closer affiliation to sport than any other art. The parallel success of Igor Youskevitch and Brian Shaw in the field of athletics and ballet underline this, and it would be hard to define the point in primitive tribal dancing where displays of leaping and running cease to be dancing and become a sporting contest. To be a successful dancer one must be at the peak of physical fitness. Stamina is a most necessary attribute, for while most company's carry sufficient chorines to afford an occasional rest day, their male corps de ballet are on stage for every performance. Compare the schedule of a dancer and a professional footballer. Both train each day, have to travel on Sunday and give a two hour performance before the public, but the dancer does this all the year round, six days a week, with two shows on Wednesday and Saturday. There are also rehearsals for new productions, photo calls and costume fittings. Given these conditions, it would be interesting to see how some of the chairbound critics of male dancers fared in the quite ordinary chore of lifting a nine stone ballerina shoulder high.

In the past much objection rested on the use of tights as the classical costume of the danseur. Although to my mind nothing emphasises the structural differences between danseur and danseuse more clearly, and definition of character and circumstance is the purpose of theatrical costume, the garment that was the habitual wear of the warrior kings of Crecy and Agincourt, names which still strike fire in most English hearts, is now viewed with distrust. In modern ballet this problem has been surmounted by the evergrowing convention among designers of dressing the hero, or sympathetic character in trousers. This was the case in the Rambert *Variations on a Theme, Pique de la Lumière* and *The House of Birds*. Where it is not possible to introduce trousers, tights have been cunningly disguised as in Osbert Lancaster's designs for *Napoli*. It may well be therefore that future ballet historians, may see in the famous blue denim overalls of Jean Babilée, the symbol of our era, when the intelligent enthusiasm of his audience restored to ballet the magnificence of man!

Sonia Roberts

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MASQUE THEATRE CLUB. Ballet, Drama, Music. Productions, demonstrations, social events, etc. Ballet Class weekly in West End. Dancers (all grades), acting and non-acting members invited. Full particulars from: Hon. Secretary, 3, Neate House, Lupus Street, S.W.1.

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All advertising to Ballet Today, 15 Upper Brighton Rd., Surbiton (ELMbridge 9743)

BALLET GUIDE

OCTOBER

SADLER'S WELLS BALLET

American Tour Dates

<i>Metropolitan Opera House, New York</i>	4 weeks season
<i>Boston</i>	September 11th-October 16th
<i>Philadelphia</i>	October 18th-22nd
<i>Washington</i>	October 24th-29th
<i>San Francisco</i>	October 31st-November 3rd
<i>Los Angeles</i>	November 9th-15th
<i>Detroit</i>	November 18th-27th
	December 1st-4th

Upon returning to New York the Company will rehearse for a television performance which takes place on December 12th.

Toronto

December 13th-15th

FESTIVAL BALLET TOUR

2 weeks commencing 26th Sept.	..	<i>Theatre Royal, Birmingham</i>
1 week	..	<i>10th Oct. Alhambra, Bradford</i>
2 weeks	..	<i>17th Oct. Palace Theatre, Manchester</i>
1 week	..	<i>31st Oct. Empire Theatre, Edinburgh</i>
1 week	..	<i>7th Nov. Empire Theatre, Sunderland</i>
1 week	..	<i>14th Nov. De Montfort Hall, Leicester</i>
1 week	..	<i>21st Nov. Theatre Royal, Hanley</i>
1 week	..	<i>28th Nov. New Theatre, Oxford</i>

BALLET RAMBERT

Week commencing 3rd Oct.	..	<i>Coliseum, Harrow</i>
" 10th Oct.	..	<i>New Theatre, Cardiff</i>

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE BALLET

ON TOUR

Week commencing 3rd Oct.	..	<i>Opera House, Belfast</i>
" 10th Oct.	..	<i>Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool</i>
" 17th Oct.	..	<i>Grand Theatre, Leeds</i>
" 24th Oct.	..	<i>Kings Theatre, Edinburgh</i>
" 31st Oct.	..	<i>Theatre Royal, Glasgow</i>
" 7th Nov.	..	<i>His Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen</i>
" 14th Nov.	..	<i>Gaumont Theatre, Dundee</i>
" 21st Nov.	..	<i>Theatre Royal, Newcastle</i>
" 28th Nov.	..	<i>Theatre Royal, Newcastle</i>
" 5th Dec.	..	<i>Gaumont Theatre, Chester</i>
" 12th Dec.	..	<i>To be announced</i>

On Thursday, October 13th, at The Royal Court Theatre, Liverpool, will be presented the World Premiere of a new ballet Saudades with choreography by Alfred Rodrigues, original music by Denis Apivor, designs by Norman Adams.



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